

Hiren :

OR

The faire Greeke:

By William Barksted, one of
the seruants of his Maiesties

REVELS.

OVID.

— non paruas animo dat gloria vires,
Et secunda facit pectora laudis amor.



LONDON:

Printed for Roger Barnes, and are to be sold at
his shop in Chancery lane, ouer against
the Rolles. 1611.

The New Greek

the language of the Greeks



Printed for the University of Oxford
by the University Press

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TO THE HEROICKE HE-

ROS, HENRY Earle of Oxenford,
Vicount Bulbeck, &c.

Sir, if my vnpolish'd pen, that dedicates now
The bashfull vterance of a maiden Muse,
May gracefully arrine onely to you,
Which for her virgin sake, do not refuse,
Time, and more studious howers shall we vow,
To sing your vertues, which are now profuse.
Kings haue drunke water from a louing hand,
And truth's accepted, though we paint her poore.
The Poets say, the Gods that can command,
Haue feasted gladly on a poore mans store,
Whereby great Sir, we haue to understand,
That humble Riners adde to, the sea shore.
Live long and happy, and with gray haire crown'd,
Reade thy youths acts, which fame shall euer sound.

Your honors obseruant
seruant,

WIL. BARKSTED.

2
3

THE HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE

BY
JAMES O. HENRY
VOLUME I
FROM THE
PUBLICATION OF
THE
AMERICAN PEOPLE

NEW YORK
J. O. HENRY

AMERICAN PEOPLE

AMERICAN PEOPLE

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The faire Greeke.

1

OF *Amuraths* yong spleenfull sonne I sing,
His sonne, who to the Strand of *Hellepont*,
And to the great Sea-coast his bounds did bring,
Whose Empire so the *Grecians* did confront,
That euen from *Pindus*, and *Thomao* Mont.
From darke *Morea* to *Corinthian* streights,
From *Burgen* to *Hungaria*'s broken wing,
His Nauy fetch'd contributory freights.

2

Yong *Mahomet*, the wanton of her eie,
Which teacheth wars, & taught his nonage daies
That gaue such hansell of his tyranny,
In those first battails, and apprentize sayes,
Which did so hotly dart their early rayes,
On *Sigismund*, or that wherein was tane,
Philip the noble Duke of *Burgondy*,
With him kept prisoner, ô farre better flaine!

3

Yong *Mahomet* to *Greece* the fatall scourge,
Which thither death, and desolation brought,
Euen to the faire *Constantinoples* veirdge,
The *Grecian* Empires chaire, the which he sought
For which a huge digested army fought.
And at the last, distressed *Constantine*,
And of all Christians did the Citty purge,
O shame to *Europes* Peeres, and Kings diuine.

A 3

Let

The faire Greeke.

4
Let *Italy* take heed, the New-moone threats,
To reare his hornes on *Romes* great Capitall,
And doth not *Rome* deserue such rough defeats,
That should be mother of compassion all?
And cōiuite the states, and principall
In league, and loue, which now for trifles iarre,
The *Persian Sophy* shames our Christian feats,
Who with the *Souldan* ioynes gainst *Turkish* war.

5
Had *Constantine*, that three times sacred Prince,
Beene rescu'd then by power of Christendome,
Mathias neuer should haue crai'd defence,
Of *Germanes*, *English*, *Spanish*, *France*, and *Rome*,
Taxes of warre, to these climes had not come:
Nor yet the *Turke* with all his barbarous hoast,
Durst with the Catholikes such war commence,
Where now they haue heard their drums, & feard
6 (their hoast.

Who reads or heares the losse of that great town
Constantinople, but doth wet his eyes?
Where litle babes frō windows were pusht down
Yong Ladies blotted with adulteries,
Old fathers scourg'd with all base villanies?
O mourne her ruine, and bewish the *Turke*,
eternall deprivation of his Crowne,
That durst for paganisme such outrage worke.

When

The faire Greeke.

7

(surpriz'd,

When *Mahomet* had man'd the wals, the towne
Great grew the slaughter, bloody waxt the fight,
Like *Troy*, where all was fir'd, and all despis'd,
But what stood gracious in the victors fight.
Such was the wo of this great citty right:
Here lay a Saint throwne downe, & here a Nun,
Rude *Sarazens* which no high God agnis'd,
Made all alike our wofull course to run.

8

And in this deadly dealing of sterne death,
And busie dole of euery Souldiers hand, (breath
Where swords were dul'd with robbing men of
Whil'st rape with murder, stalk't about the land,
And vengeance did performe her own command,
and where 'twas counted sin to thinke amisse:
There no man thought it ill to do all scath,
O what doth warre respect of bale or blisse?

9

There stood an ancient Chappell next the Court,
Where sacred Bishops said their morrow Masse.
And sung sweet *Anthems* with a loud report,
To that eternall God-head, whose sonne was,
Sequestred from the Trinity to passe,
Vnder the burthen of the holy Crosse,
For our redemption, whose death did retort,
The sting of Sathan, and restor'd our losse.

A 4

Hither

The faire Greeke.

10

Hither was got of silly maides some few,
Whom happily no Souldier yet had seas'd,
Tendring their spotlesse vows, in child-cold dew,
Of virgin teares, to haue the heauens appeas'd,
But teares too late, must be too soone displeas'd,
And hither, like a Tyger from the chase,
Reeking in bloudy thoughts, and bloudy shew,
Came *Amurath* himselfe to sacke the place.

11

In Armour clad, of watchet Steele, full grim,
Fring'd round about the sides, with twisted gold,
Spotted with shining stars vnto the brim, (hold:
Which seem'd to burn the spheare which did the
His bright sword drawn, of temper good and old,
A full moone in a fable night he bore,
On painted shield, which much adorned him,
With this short Motto: *Neuer glorious more.*

12

And as a Diamond in the dark-dead night,
Cannot but point at beames on euery side,
Or as the shine of Cassiopæa bright,
Which make the zodiacke, where it doth abide,
Farre more then other planets to beey'd:
So did faire *Hirens* eyes encounter his,
And so her beames did terror strike his sight,
As at the first it made e'm vale amisse.

The faire Greeke.

13

O that faire beauty in distresse should fall,
For so did she; the wonder of the east,
At least, if it be wondrous faire at all,
That stains the morning, in her purple nest,
With guilt-downe-curled Tresses, rosy dress,
Reflecting in a comers wise, admire,
To euery eye whom vertue might appall.
And Syren loue, inchant with amorous fire.

14

A thousand Bashawes, and a thousand more,
Of *Sansarries*, crying to the spoile,
Come rushing in with him at euery dore,
That had not Loue giuen Barbarisme the foile,
The faire had beene dishonored in this while.
But o when beauty strikes vpon the heart:
What musicke then to euery sence is bore,
All thought resigning them, to beare a part.

15

For as amongst the rest, she kneel'd sad weeping,
In tender passion by an altars side,
And to a blessed Saint begins her creeping,
He stood loue-wounded, what should her betide,
Whilst she saw him turnd round, & well nie died.
Let darknes shroud quoth she, my soule in night,
Before my honor be in *Mahounns* keeping,
Prisoner to enuy, lust, and all vnight.

O

The faire Greeke.

16

O, if thou beeſt a Souldier, lend thy ſword,
To ope the boſomes, where yet neuer lay,
Ignoble Souldier, nor imperious Lord,
Of all whom war hath grip'd into her ſway,
Onely remaine we few, let not this day,
Begin with vs, who neuer did offend,
Or elſe do all of vs one death afford,
If not, kill me, who ne'r was Pagans friend.

17

But now (ſaid *Mahomet*) thou ſhall be mine,
Thine eies haue power to ſuch a great mans hart,
If then they worke on me to make me thine,
Say thou art wrong'd? diſhonor doth impart
No loue, where he may force: but mine thou art,
And ſhalt be only in thine own free choice, (ſiue
What makes me ſpeake, makes me ſpeak thus di-
Elſe could I threat thee with a conquerors voyce.

18

What you may do (ſaid ſhe) I do not know,
But know you this, there is a thouſand waies,
To finde out night before my ſhameleſſe brow,
Shall meet that day in guilt of ſuch miſrayes.
Oh how vniuſt art thou? the pagan ſayes,
To him which ſues for a reſpecting eye,
And no ignoble action doth allow,
But honor, and thy ſaies to gratifie.

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The faire Greeke.

19

The effect of both is one (said she) both spils,
And layes my shame o're mastred at thy feet,
But greatnesse (said he) doth outface all ills,
And maiefty (make sowre apparance sweete,
Where other powers the greatnes doth cut meet?
It doth indeed, said she, but we adore,
More the a great Earth-monarch who death kils,
Mortall soules, thinke on th'immortall more,

20

Alas faire Christian Saint (said *Mahomet*)
So yong, and full of gray hair'd purity,
These are but shifts of Friers, tales farre fet.
Dearest, I'll teach thee my diuinity,
Our Mecha's is not hung with Imagery,
To tell vs of a virgin-bearing-sonne,
Our adoration to the Moone is set,
That pardons all that in the darke is done.

21

O blinde religion, when I learne, said she)
To hallow it, my body tombe my soule,
And when I leaue the mid-day-sunne for thee,
Blush Moone, the regent of the nether roule.
What I hold deereft, that my life controule,
And what I prize more precious then imagery,
Heauens, grant the same my bane and ruine be,
And where I liue, with all my Tragedy.

A

The faire Greeke.

22

A dreadfull curse replide the Saracen,
But I will teach thee how to couſen it,
An oath in loue may be vniworne againe,
Ioue markes not louers oathes euery whit,
Thou wilt repent beſide, when riper wit
Shall make thee know the magicke of thine eies,
How faire thou art, and how eſteem'd of men,
Tis no religion that is too preſiſe.

23

Nor is this all, though this might woo a Greeke,
To wantonize with princely *Mahomet*,
Much more by loues inuention could I ſpeake,
By which the coldeſt temper might be heate :
But I muſt hence, a fitter time I'll ſet,
To conquer thee, Baſhawes theſe ſpare or ſpill,
Saue *Muſſapha* this maid, ſince her we like,
Conduct vnto our Tent, now warre he will.

24

She like *Cassandra* thral'd and innocent,
Wrang her white hands, & tore her golden haire,
Haſt by the Eunuchs to the Pagans Tent,
Speechleſſe, and ſpotleſſe, vnpiſſied, not vnfaire,
While he to make all ſure, did repaire,
To euery Souldier throughout the field;
And gaue in charge matters of conſequence,
As a good generall, and a Souldier ſhould.

A

Then

The faire Greeke.

25

Then sent he forth *Polidamus* to bid,
The Drums & Trumpets sound that daies retreat,
For in his soule their ratling noyse he chide;
For startling *Cupid*, whose soft bosome streight,
Had lodg'd him, & grew proud of such a freight,
Beside the sword and fire had swept the streets,
And all did in the victors hands abide,
Night likewise came, fit time for *Loues* stolne-

26

(sweets.

This tumbling in conceits, he stumbled home,
In the dark couerture of shady night,
Cal'd for a torch, the which his chamber groom,
With more then speedy haste did present light.
To bed he went, as heavy in his spright,
As loue, that's full of anguish makes the minde;
Faine would he sleepe away this martirdome,
But loues eyes open, when all else are blinde.

27

What do you talke of sleepe? talke of the *Greeke*,
For being laid, he now grew almost mad;
What is she not as faire (quoth he) to like,
As *Phedria*, whom in *Corinth* once I had?
With that he knock't his Eunuchs vp, and bad,
One aske the *Grecian* maide, what was her name,
What she made there, & whom she came to see,
And to what end into his Tent she came?

When

The faire Greeke.

28

When he was gone, somewhat the fury staid,
And beat more temperate in his liuer-vaine,
Onely he could not choose but praise the maid,
Whose eies frō his such *womanish* drops did strain
Did not thy face (sigh'd he) such faires containe,
It could not be, my heart thou couldst distract,
But all abstracts of rarities are laid,
Inthy faire cheekes so feelingly compact.

29

Thus made, what maiest thou not command,
In mighty *Amuraths* wide Empery?
My tributary loue, and not my land,
Shall pay it homage to thy proud bent eye,
And they who most abhorre idolatry,
Shall tender Catholicke conceites to thee,
O arme not honor still for to withstand,
And make a foyle of loue, which dwels in me.

30

By this time was the Carpet-page return'd,
And told the prince the *Greeke* was *Hiren* hight,
But so she wept, & sigh'd, & grieu'd, & mourn'd,
As I could get no more (said he to night,
And weeps (said *Amurath*) my loue so bright.
Hence villaine, borrow wings, flie like the winde,
Her beauteous cheeks with hot tears wilbe burnd
Fetch her to me: O loue too deafe, too blinde!

Then

The faire Greeke:

31

Then crossing both his armes athwart his breast,
And sinking downe, he fet a soule taught grone,
And sigh'd, and beat his heart, since loue posselt,
And dwelt in it which was before his owne.
How bitter is sweet loue, that loues alone,
And is not sympathis'd, like to a man?
Rich & full cram'd, with euerything that's best,
Yet lyes bed-sicke, whom nothing pleasure can.

32

Sometimes he would inuoke sweet Poets dead,
In their own shapes, to court the *maid* with words
But then he fear'd least they her maidenhead
Shold win from him: the sometimes arms & swords,
His old heroike thoughts, new roome affords,
And to the field he would: but then loue speakes,
And tels him *Hiren* comes vnto his bed,
VWhich dasheth all, and all intendments breakes.

33

And lo indeed, the purple hangings drawne,
In came faire *Hiren* in her night attire,
In a silke mantle, and a smoeke of lawne,
Her haire at length; the beams of sweete desire)
Her breasts all naked, o' inchanting fire!
And siluer buskins on her feet she wore, (strawn
Though all the floore with Carpet worke was
Yet were such feet too good to tread that floore.
Now

The faire Greeke.

34

Now *Mahomet* bethinke thee what is best,
Said she, compell me I will speake thy shame,
And tell thy hart full saet, at euery feast,
Singers in balads shall beuine thy name,
And for dishonoring me, spot thy faire fame:
But if — : No more chaste maid said *Mahomet*,
Though in thy grant consists all ioy and rest,
I will not force thee, till thou giue me it.

35

But say I languish, faint, and grow forlorne,
Fall sicke, and mourne; nay, pine away for thee; I
Wouldst then for ever hold thee yet in scorned
Forbid my hopes, the comfort that should be
In hopes, in doating hopes which tire on me,
O be not, as some women be, for fashion, or be
Like sun-shine daies in clouds of raine still borne,
The more you'll loue, the more shal grow my pas-
(sion.

36

And then he clasp'd her frosty hand in his,
An orient pearle betwixt two mother shels,
And seal'd there on a hearty burning kisse,
Kisses in loue, force more then charmes or spells,
And in sweet language; hopes, desires, foretels;
Ah louely *Greeke*, what heart hast thou (quoth she)
What art thou made of? fire dissolueth yce,
Tygers relent, yet thoult not pitty me.

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The faire Greeke.

37

Dwel'st thou on forme? I can confirme thee than,
Sibilla liues to tell she did repent.

Let *Latmus* speake what it of *Delia* can,
And it will eccho her loue-languishment.
Chaste eyes somtimes reflect kind blandishment:
Beside, thy soueraigne will thy subiect be,
Once a great king, now a despised man,
A vassall, and a slaue to Loue and thee.

38

Why dost thou weep? tis I shold drown mine eies
And burst my heart with languor, and dispaire,
I whom thy vnrelenting thoughts despise,
I who can woo thee by no sute, nor prayer,
Yet doating mad for thee, ô cruell faire,
I sweare by this diuine white daizy-hand,
The loue I beare thee, in my heart it lies,
Whose searching fire, no reason can withstand.

39

Wilt thou be mine? here shalt thou liue with me,
Free'd from oppression, and the Souldiers lust,
Who if thou passe my Tent, will seize on thee,
And they are rude, and what they will thou must.
O do not to the common Kestrels trust,
They are not as the Eagles noble kinde,
But rough, and daring in all villany:
Honor with me, with them scarce safety finde. •

B

Honor

The faire Greeke.

40

Honor and safery, both in true loue is,
And *Mahomet* is zealous, ô loue him:
With him ioy euery thing that tast of blisse,
Pompe, honor, pleasure, shews, and pastimes trim,
Care dwels not where he dwels, nor sorrow grim
Onely till now, that he for *Hiren* mournes:
A Greeke whom he would bring to paradise,
He ner'e took thought, but now he sighs & burns.

41

Wilt thou be his, on thee shall waite and tend,
A traine of Nymphs, and Pages by thy side, (lend
With faunes, horse, coach, & musicke which shall
The spheares new notes in their harmonies pride,
When thou wilt walke, and publikly be ey'd, (ers
To bring thee in thy hie way, cloath'd with flow-
Shall sent like *Tempe* when the graces send,
To meet each other in those fragrant bowers.

42

At home shall comick Masques, & night disports
Conduct thee to thy pillow, and thy sheetes,
And all those reuels which soft loue consorts,
Shall entertaine thee with their sweetest sweets.
And as the warlike God with *Venus* meetes,
And dallies with her in the Paphian groue,
Shall *Mahomet* in bed shew thee such sports,
As none shall haue, but she which is his loue.

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The faire Greeke.

43

Againe : No more againe (saies she) great king,
I know you can do much, and all this to,
But tell me when we loose so deere a thing,
Shame can we take pride in, in publike shew:
Think you the adulterate owle, then wold not so?
No, no, nor state, nor honor can repure,
Dishonor'd sheet's, nor lend the owle daies wing
Ignoble shame a King cannot recure.

44

Now say mine eies & cheeks are faire, what then?
Why so are yours, yet do I dote on you?
Beauty is blacke, defam'd by wicked men,
And yet must euery beauty make men sue?
Too good is worse then bad, you seeme too true
Too easie, passionate, loue-sicke, and kinde,
Then blame not me, that cannot so soone ren
Your course: the fault is in your forward minde.

85

But say great prince, I had a wanton eye,
Would you adde *Syrinx* to the former sunne?
And whurle hote flaming fire where tow doth lie
By which combustion all might be vndone?
For loke how mightier greater Kings do run
Amisse, the fault is more pernicious,
And opens more to shame and obloquy,
Then what we erre in, or is done by vs.

B 2

A

The faire Greeke.

46

A Monarch, and a mighty Conquerour
To doate, proues euery woman is his better,
But I'll be true to thee (said he: (One houre
(Said she;) but what for truth, when it is fitter
We keepe our own, then haue a doubtful debter.
But I will sweare, said he : So *Iason* did,
Replide faire *Hiren*, yet who faithlesse more,
or more inconstant to his sworne loues bed?

47

Too many mirrors haue we to behold,
Of mens inconstancy, and womens shame.
How many margent notes can we vnfold,
Mourning for virgins that haue bene too blame?
And shall I then run headlong to the flame?
I blush, but it is you should be ashamed,
For know, if that you neuer haue beene told,
“ Vertue may be inforc'd, but not defamed.

48

Faire louely Prince, let warre your triumphs be,
Go forward in the glittering course you run,
The kingly Eagle strikes through *Atomie*,
Those little moates that barre him from the Sun,
Then let not both of vs be here vndone,
You of your Conquest, I of Chastitie.
And pardon my rude speech, for lo you see,
I plead for life, and who's not loath to dye?

Death

The faire Greeke.

49

Death of my fame, which oft proues mortal death
Witnesse the Prince-forc'd chaste *Lucretia*,
Ere I like her be rap'd, ô reauē my breath,
And gainst thy nature, take a yeelding pray,
That will embrace death, before thee this day.
If thou loue me, shew it in killing me,
Thy sword had neuer yet a chaster sheath,
Nor thou, nor *Mahound* a worse enemy.

50

He heard nor this, nor ought of what she said,
For all his senses now were turn'd to eyes,
And with such fired gaze he view'd this maid,
That sure I thinke not *Hermes* mysteries,
Nor all his *Caducean* nouelties,
That flow from him like a slye winding streame,
(To which the Gods gladly their eares haue laid)
Could once haue mou'd him from this waking
51 (dreame.

But sighes he sends out on this embassie,
Liegiers that dye ere they returne againe,
Poore substitutes to coape with chastity.
She knew the pleading of their Liege was vaine,
And all his teares like to a Mel-dew raine,
That falles vpon the floures, to defloure.
Yet, for twas tedious, she did aske him why,
Each sigh was o're him such a conquerour.

B 3

By

The faire Greeke.

52

By heauen he swore, and made his Eunuch start,
I sigh to coole Loues fire, then kist her hand:
For know, thou wonder of the Easterne part,
He need not counterfeite that can command:
But by thy middle, *Cupids* coniuring wand,
I am all loue, and faire belecue my vow,
Sprung from a Souldier, now a louers heart,
He sweares to loue, that neuer lou'd till now.

53

Not halfe so faire was *Hellen*, thy pre'cessor,
On whom the fiery brand of Troy did dote,
For whom so many riuall kings to succour,
Made many a mountaine pine on Symois floate,
Whilst fame to this day, tels it with wide throat.
Hector fell wounded in that warlike stir,
Peleus did faint, *Ajax* that lusty warriour,
Then blame not me, that loue one far'boue her.

54

Nature deuise'd her owne despaire in thee,
Thine eye not to be match'd, but by the other,
Doth beare the influence of my destiny.
And where they stray, my soule must wander thi-
Beauty of beauty, mother of Loues mother. (ther
All parts he praises, coming to her lip,
Currall beneath the waues, vermilion dye,
And being so neere, he wold not ouerslip.

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The faire Greeke.

55

Now tyres the famish'd Eagle on his pray,
Incorporating his rude lips in hers,
Sucking her balme breath soft as he may:
Which did more vigor, through his brest disperse,
Such kisses louers vse at first conuerse.
All parts were to that center drawne I wis,
Close as the dew-wormes at the breake of day,
That his soule shew'd, as t'were a melting kisse.

56

Till breathles now, he breath'd into her loue,
Who scorn'd to take possession by degrees,
No law with her strange passion, will he proue,
But hauing interest, scorn'd one inch to leese,
Cupid, sheele set thee free withouten fees.
But though his wings she well nie set on fire,
And burn'd the shaft, that first her brest did moue,
Yet *Cupid* would be Lord of her desire.

57

Tis sayd, *Aurora* blushes euery morne,
For feare that *Titan* should her fault espy,
And blushes so did *Hirens* cheekes adorne,
Fearing least *Mahomet* perceiu'd her eye.
Louers are blind, and what could he espy.
No, twas the hidden vertue of that kisse,
That her chaste lips were nere vs'd to beforne,
That did ynframe her, and confirme her his.

B 4

Louers

The faire Greeke.

58

Louers belceue, lips are enchanted baites,
After fifteene, who kisses a faire maide,
Had need to haue friends trusty of the fates,
For by my muse (I sweare) I am a afraid,
Hee's Iourney-man already in Loues trade.
A kisse is porter to the caue of loue,
Well see, and you may enter all the gates:
" Women were made to take what they reprocue.

59

A kisse is the first Tutor and instinct,
The guider to the Paphian shrine and bowers,
They who before ne're entred loues precinct,
Kissing shall finde it, and his sundry powers.
O how it moues this continent of aires,
And makes our pulse more strong & hie to beat,
Making vs know when lips are sweetly linck't,
That to those Kickshawes 'longs more dainty

60

(meate.

And so indeed bewitched *Hiren* knowes,
The pressure of his lips was not in vaine,
Seldome proue women friends vnto their foes,
But when with ouer kindnesse they are tane,
So weake professors do swallow their owne bane:
Shew them the axe they'l suffer martyrdom,
But if promotion to them you propose,
And flattery, then to the lure they come.

Thus

The faire Greeke.

61

Thus *Mahomet* blinds her with *Cupids* vaile,
And this new conuertite building on hope,
Loue makes folke hardy, alas the flesh is fraile,
Dispences now a little with the Pope:
And frō restrictions giues her heart more scope.
O Liberty, Author of heresie.
Why with such violent wing dost thou assaile,
To hurry vertue to impiety.

62

No pardon will she now implore of *Rome*,
Her selfe she pardons twenty times an houre,
Nor yet an heretike her selfe doth doome,
Since she hath *Mahomet* within her power.
O loue too sweet, in the digestion sower!
Yet was he made, as nature had agreed,
To match them both together from her wombe,
And be a ioyfull grandam in their seed.

63

A face Nature intended for a maiister peece,
And louely as the maide (though a blacke pearle)
Painters and women say, an *Eben* fleece,
Doth well beseme the shoulders of an Earle:
Blacke snares they were, that did entrap this girle
Each haire like to a subtile serpent taught her,
Of the forbidden fruit to taste a peece,
Whil' st *Eue* is stain'd againe here in her daughter.
His

The faire Greeke.

64

His eyes were stuck like Comets in his head,
As if they came to treat of nouelties,
And bring the world and beautie into dread:
That he must conquer chastest chastities.
O who such tempting graces could despise,
All voluntarie finnes soules may refraine,
But Natures selfe that of the flesh is bred,
Such power she hath, that vice she will retaine.

65

Let me, faire Greeke, a little plead for thee,
Like a vaine Orator, more for applause,
And swolne commends, of those are standers by,
Then profits sake, or goodnesse of the cause.
If men that vpon holy vowes do pawse,
Haue broke, alas, what shall I say of these,
The last thing thought on by the Deitie,
Natures step-children, rather her disease.

66

Maide, why commit you wilfull periurie?
To you I speake that vowe a single life,
I must confesse y^e are mistresse of beauty:
Which beautie with your oaths is still at strife.
Then know of me, thou, widow, maide or wife,
She that is faire and vowes still chaste to stand,
Shall find an opposite to constancie,
Foolles Oracles last not, are writ in sand.

The end of the first Tome.

TO



TO THE PERFECTION OF

Perfection, and wisedome of Woman-
hood, the intelligent, and worthily admi-
red, ELIZABETH Countesse of Dar-
by, wife to the thrice-noble

WILLIAM Earle
of Darby.

VVhen as the skilfull Statuaries make,
The image of some great & worthy one,
They still, as they intend his forme to take,
Forecast the Basis he shall rest upon,
Whose firme infixe thunders nor winds can shake,
Nor Time, that Nature deads to line alone.
So (worthiest Lady) may I proudly vaunt,
(Being neuer guilty of that crime before)
That to this Laye, which I so rudely chaunt,
Your diuine selfe, which Dian doth adore,
As her maids her, I haue select to daunt
Enuy: as violent as these nam'd before.

Virtue

*Vertue and beauty both with you enjoy,
Gorgon and Hydra (all but death) destroy.*

Your honors from
youth oblig'd,

WIL. BARKSTED.



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The second Tome.

67

Long did this beautious martyr keep her faith,
Thinking that *Mahomet* was full of error :
Treading that high cœlestiall milkie path,
Virginity, that did produce hels terror,
Yet knowing loue in Princes turnes to wrath,
She meanes to catch his fancies with her cunning:
But so resistlesse is this Princes seruor,
Though he imprison loue, still feares his cunning.

68

For like a Castle seated on a rocke,
Besieg'd by thousands danger each way spread,
That had withstood the battery of warres shock :
The liuing making bulwarkes of the dead.
So did this Virgins thoughts to her hart flock,
Wiuing her danger, when her powers were lost:
Hyrena will yeeld vp her maiden head,
A gift to make *Ioue* proud, or silence boist.

69

He gently woes her with the misers God,
The *Indians* ignorance, and vertues slaue,
Bright flaming gold, for where that ha's abode,
All doores flies open to the wish we craue.
Gold is mans mercy, and his makers rod,
She loues the King for honor and for riches,
He makes her eyes his heauen, her lap his graue,
A womans face oft Maiesties bewitches.

When

The faire Greeke.

70

When news is brought him that his foes are come,
He catches straite this maiden in his armes,
Calling for musicke that is now his drumme:
He keepe thee safe (quoth he) for other harmes,
Tho spoke in thunder they to me are dumbe.
To counsell now they call him with low duty,
But her Idea so his senses charmes,
He drownes all speech in praising of her beauty.

71

One tels him that the Christians are in field.
You do not marke her beauty, he replies.
Two mightie Cities to their power doth yeeld:
Note but the lustre sparkling from her eyes.
Your subiects hearts, against your life are steeld:
Her tongue is musick, that strikes wonder dumbe.
Your people struck with warre by millions dyes:
If she but frowne then I shall ouercome.

72

Shall I feare this worlds losse enioying heauen,
Or thinke of danger when an Angel guards me?
Can greater glory to my life be giuen,
Then her maiesticke beauty that rewards me?
Nay is not he of happinesse bereau'd,
That neuer saw her face nor heard her voyce,
And those that win our loue, or most regards me,
Confesse that we are godlike in our choice.

He

The faire Greeke:

73

He left his Ianifaries in a trance,
And to her priuate chamber straite enioyes,
His bloud within his azure veines doth dance:
"In loue th' effects are seene before the cause:
For nectar'd kisses and a smile by chance,
Are but loue branches, though they grow vp first,
And *Cupid* thus confines vs in his lawes,
To tast the fountaine ere we quench our thirst.

74

Night like a Princes pallace full of light,
Illumin'd all the earth with golden starres,
Here Art crost Nature, making day of night:
And *Mahomet* prepares him for loues warres.
A banquet is ordain'd to feed delight,
Of his Imperiall bountie with expences:
A heauen on earth he presently prepares,
To rauish in one hower all her senses.

75

Her eyes could glance no way but saw a iewell,
As rich as *Cleopatra* gaue her loue. (fewell.
Pictures haue power to warme ice with loues
The gentle treading of the Turtle-doue,
The Camels lust that in his heate is cruell:
And *Iupiter* transformed from a man,
When with his breast the siluer streame did moue,
And rauish *Leda* like a snowy Swan.

The

The faire Greeke.

76

The table furnisht, to delight the taste,
With food about *Ambrosia* diuine,
Such as would helpe consumptions that did wast:
The life blood, or the marrow, Greekish wine,
So high one draught would make *Dian* vnchast.
Nectar is water to this banquets drinke,
Here *Esculapim* did his art resigne,
And pleasure drown'd with standing on the brink.

77

To please her hearing Eunuches sang as shrill,
As if that nature had dismembred them,
All birds that ecchoes musicke through the bill,
Sang ioy to her in an vndittied antheme:
An artificiall heauen stands open still,
Filling the roose with a sweet vnknowne noyse,
Downe fals a clowd like a rich diadem,
And shoves a hundred naked singing boyes.

78

The sence of smelling with all rare deuises,
That rich *Arabia* or the world can yeeld,
The dew of Roses and choise Indian spices,
The purest of the garden and the field.
The earth to part with these rare gifts now nises,
And vows no more her nature so profuse,
Shall let her sweets be from her breast distild,
To feed their vanitie with her abuse.

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The faire Greeke.

79

Then in a rich imbroidred bed of downe,
Pluck't from the constant Turtles fethered breast,
Vpon her head he set imperiall crowne,
And to her goes : Now is his soule at rest.
This night he counts the end of his renowne,
The sence of feeling, she feels by his power,
And like a subiect yeelds to his request,
Whilest *Mahomet* a virgin doth deflower.

80

Now feares this flower deflowr'd his loue will
Wishing the lustfull act had bin vndoon, (waine,
The pleasure cannot counteruaile the paine,
For still she thinkes with torment ioy is woon,
His loue growes full, she gets it now with gaine:
He like a ring of gold insets his iewell,
But fearing of his force she should disdaine,
Till sighes and kisses did inflame Loues sewell.

81

Then like the God of Warre, caught in a net,
He twin'd his *Venus*, danger was not nigh,
And as a Diamond compar'd with Iet,,
So show'd her sparkling eye against his eye.
The sunne-gaz'd Eagle now this done doth get,
And gently gripes her, hurting not his pray,
She sounds with pleasure, second sweets are high
And wishes *Phabus* blinde all night, no day.

C

The

The faire Greeke.

82

The red-cheek't morning opens now her gate,
 And busie day breathes life into the world,
 The heauens great coachman mounted is in state,
 And darknesse from the aire to hell is hurld.
 Now pleasures king by day light sees his mate,
 Whilst she lay blushing like the damaske rose,
 His ietty haire she with her fingers curld,
 He hug'd her fast, least he his ioyes should lose.

83

Her sight begot in him a new desire,
 For that is restlesse alwaies in extreames,
 Nought but sacrecty can quench loues fire.
 Now through the christal casemēt *Phæbus* beames
 Dazled those twinckling starres that did aspire,
 To gaze vpon his brightnesse being a louer.
 Tasting her petulans in waking dreames,
 To hide her from the sunne, he doth her couer.

84

(spheares,

Then sweet breath'd musicke, like the chime of
 Did ratiſh pleasure, till this paire did rise:
 More wonder then that sound was to men eares
 Was her rare beauty to the gazers eyes.
 Joy was so violent, the rockes it teares,
 The noise and triumphs beates vpon the aire,
 And like ambition pierceth through the skies,
 That lone loo'kt downe on her that was so rare.

Thus

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The faire Greeke.

85

Thus *Mahomet* both day and night doth spend,
In obseruation of her eyes and pleasure;
Growing so iealous, least he should offend,
His soules perfection, natures vnspend treasure.
If she but speake to him, he low doth bend,
And such a seruitude he doth discouer.
Neglecting of himselfe in that grosse measure,
That *Hiren* clips her slaue, no Emperour.

86

Her chamber is her prison (O most willing)
And there like house-doues they each other woo
At first shee'l shun him, after fall a billing,
And with imagination make him doo.
Thy eies quoth *Mahomet*, saues thousands killing
For all my force vpon thee shall be spent,
Thy warres directions I do best allow,
Thy Armes my Armour, and thy bed my Tent.

87

Who doth offend this paramour, straight dyes,
As certainly, as if pronounc'd by fate,
Who doth with duty please her, needs must rise,
Her face directeth both his loue and hate.
The grossest flatterer is held most wise.
Now reignes swolne gluttony, red lust, and pride:
For when the heart's corrupted in a state,
Needs must the other parts be putrified.

C 2

The

The faire Greeke.

88

The commons like wolues, bark against the moone
And sweare they wil depose him from his throne:
The Nobles whisper, and intend, that soone.
Some one shal let their grieve to him be knowne;
To scape that office now is each mans boone,
Who speakes against her whets a fatall knife,
For he replyes, I loose but what's mine owne,
As sure as we haue life, you loose that life.

89

They stand amaz'd, by hearing their own feares
Each viewing other with a face extracted:
Some praying, cursing, other shedding teares,
To see a Louer by a Souldier acted.
Patience doth foole vs: that so long forbears,
To tell our Emperour hee's turn'd a monster,
And to such ease and vices so contracted.
The world, his birth, and titles doth mis-conster.

90

Then *Mistapha*, beloued of the Turke,
Stood vp, and said, I hazard will my head,
Know Countrymen, Ile vndertake this worke,
And if I fall, lament me being dead.
No flattery within this breast shall lurke:
For that to Princes eares is now grown common
Whilest *Mabomies* do haue his pleasure fed,
Doth loose the worlds sway for a sickle woman.

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The faire Greeke.

91

Vnto her priuate chamber straight he goes,
And findes his soueraigne sleeping on her lap,
On suddaine wakes him: Sir, here are your foes,
The sound amaz'd him like a thunder-clap:
Although you sleep, awak't are all our woes.
The franticke Emperour vpon him stares,
Relate in brieft the worst of our mishap,
Man cannot wrong vs, when a God not dares.

92

This danger *Mahomet*, attends thy reigne,
The Gods are angry with thy lustfull ease,
Thy priuate pleasure is the Empires paine,
To please your selfe you all the world displease:
The Sophy, German, and the King of Spaine,
Begirt thy safety with the ribbes of death.
Then worthy Prince, your wonted valour cease,
And take my counsel, though it cost my breath.

93

You are but the shadow of an Emperour,
Not really effecting what you are,
A slothfull Epicure, a puling louer,
That now en'e trembles at the name of warre,
Obluion all thy former acts do couer,
Most willing to remoue you I will dye,
The sunne of honour now is scarce a starre,
Vertue at first was fire to Maiesty.

C 3

The

The faire Greeke. II

94

The Emperour vpon his subiect stares,
As if a Gorgons head he there had seene,
How comes it vassall, that thy proud tōgue dares,
Speake to remoue mee frō this heauenly queene?
The gods wold liue on earth, to haue their shares
In my *Hirena*: Sirra, you want nurture:
Thy life I will not touch now in my spleene,
But in cold bloud it shall depart with torture.

95

I feare not death, repli'd bold *Mustapha*,
At your command I'll clime a steepy rocke,
Then headlong tumble downe into the sea,
Or willingly submit me to the blocke,
Disrobe my nature, and my body flea:
Yet in that tyranny I'll speake my minde,
And boldly like a Souldier stand deaths shooke,
Concluding, lust can strike the Eagle blinde.

96

His haughty words amaz'd this king of loue,
Thou wert not wont to speake thus without duty.
Can her embraces so my soule remoue?
And must he be a coward dotes on beauty?
Such rarity of pleasure I do proue,
In her enioying, that my soule is fed,
With that variety, to speake her truly,
Each night she giues me a new maiden-head.

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The faire Greeke.

97

Yet shall my subiects know my power in this;
That I can rule mine owne affection:
I pardon freely what thou speak'st amisse,
Knowing it sprung from loue, and thy subiection:
Your eies shall see me rob the earth of blisse,
A sight too sad, all heauen strike men with terror,
And in that act cast such reflexion.
That kings shall see theselues in me their mirror.

98

Go, tell my Bassaes, and the noble blood,
I do inuite them to a royall dinner,
And there I'll shew them loue can be withstood:
Yet he that wrongs my *Greeke* is such a sinner,
He cannot cleanse himselfe, washt in *Ioues* flood.
Fortune this fare vpon my loue hath hurld,
The Monarkes of the earth in hope to win her,
Against her beauty would stake all the world.

99

Leaue vs: and be thou comforted my faire,
I will aduance thee bou'e the stile of woman:
Let not my words bring thee vnto dispaire,
Thou shalt imbrace the Gods; for her's no man
Worthy to taste thy sweetes, they are so rare.
Drawn by the *Phoenix* thou through heauen shalt
And *Saturn* wou'ded by loues litle bowman (ride
Shall get his sonne to haue thee stellifide.

Go

The faire Greeke.

100

Go docke thy beauty with heauens ornament,
Shine Cinthia like with iewels in the night,
As she with starres stucke in heauens firmament;
But thine, the greater will deface her light,
Making her yeeld to thee her gouernment.
On *Saturnes* top thy face shall gaine opinion,
Beyond cold *Phæbe* shining out so bright,
Thou shalt be courted by her loue *Endimion*.

101

Let ioy possesse thy heart, and be thou proud,
In sight of all the Turkish Emperours Peares,
Let not thy sunne of beauty in a cloud,
Be hid from those, whose eies with dewy teares,
For want of thy pure heate in shades do shroud,
Their drooping forheads, but thy beames exhales
All misty vapours, and the welkin cleares,
Like putrifying lightning, or *Ioues* balles.

100

Then hand in hand they passe out of the roome,
Her beauty like a blazing starre admired,
Well may I tearme it so, it shew'd the doome,
Of her liues date that instant was expired.
Now to the presence chamber they are come,
Where all in reuerence kisse the humble earth,
Here nature tooke her own, and death hath hir'd,
To giue that backe againe, which she gaue birth.

Now

The faire Greeke.

103

Now stands in the midst, and thus begins,
(Taking the faire *Hirona* by the hand)
Which of you here, that such a creature wins,
Would part with her, for honor, loue, or land?
The gods were enuious whē they made those sins
Which are th crowns of this fraile worlds cōtent;
Nor can it with their humane reason stand,
To thinke our ioyes begets our punishment.

104

View but her hand, her lip, her brow, her eyes,
The smalnetle of her waste, and comely stature,
And let your iudgement bou'e your hatted rise;
Thē you must needs cōfesse, she excels in feature.
That you are onely fooles, I truly wise,
Doe not her presence admiration strike,
And broken is her frame by angry nature,
For feare she wrongs herselfe, and make the like,

105

What man that hauing toild in hidden Art,
Spent all his youth, and substance to the bone,
All bookes and knowledge in the deepest part,
To finde that *Phoenix*, that gold-getting stone,
And hauing it, to comfort his weake heart,
Shall he his seruants, wife, or friends to please,
With his owne eies go see that iewell throwne,
Into the bottomelesse and gaping seas.

Or

The faire Greeke.

106

Or which of you can haue the fortitude,
to lop a limbe off, or pull out an eye,
Or being in a heavenly seruitude,
To free your selues would with the damned lye?
Off force with me you now must all conclude,
That mortall men are subiect to loues rod,
But heere you shall perceiue that onely I,
Am natures conquerour, and a perfect God.

107

Then with a smiling looke, he came vnto her,
And kist her, bad her pray, and then he smil'd,
I must not in my constancy now erre;
Since by mine owne tongue I a God am sti'l'd.
He drawes a fatall Turkish Simiter,
With it he parts her body from her head.
And though his tyranny did proue so vile,
She seem'd to mocke him smiling being dead.

108

Vntill he tooke it in his bloody power,
And then a crimson floud gusht out a pace,
The fauor chang'd frō smiling, and look't sower.
And senceles teares ran trickling downe her face,
As who should say, I thought within this hower,
For me thou wouldst haue oppos'd heaven with
That earthly being is like falling glasse, strife,
To thee I lost virginity and life.

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The faire Greeke.

109

Long stood he mute, and gaz'd vpon her forme,
Till *Mustapha* came in to play his part,
His eies shot lightning like a horrid storme,
Thē with his fauchion runs him through the hart,
O could this diuell my soule so tranforme,
Thāt I must eate that snake in him did lurke,
But this is hels instruction, the blacke Art.
To giue our sins the means by which they work.

110

O my *Hirena*, *Mahomet* then cries,
Looke through the orbes, & see an Emperour sad
Detaine her not you rulers in the skies,
But send her once more, to make Monarkes glad.
My soule to thine like *Tartars* shaft nōw flies,
They held his arme, or else he had done the deed
This mighty *Mahomet* with loue growne mad,
Can nothing ease you, but your heart must bleed.

111

Where is that God-head due vnto your birth,
Descended from the *Prophet Mahomet*,
Recall your spirits to their former mirth,
And keep your colour constant like the Iet.
Now shew your fortitude, be God on earth,
Marshall your men, giue care vnto your Drum,
And let your valour with the sunne being set,
With the resplendancy burne Christendome.

Awake

The faire Greeke.

112

Awake dull mate, and leaue this trance,
Be perfect man, as thou hast here thy being,
Not subiect vnto passion or chance;
But like thy selfe, with Kingly thoughts agree,
Our siluer moone to heauen we will aduance,
And Christendome shall mourne for *Hirens* fall,
That heathen Princes our braue acts seeing,
Shall yeeld the world to vs, we king of all.

113

And for my loues vnkindly Tragedy,
A thousand Citties for her death shall mourne,
And as a relicke to posterity,
Our priests shall keep her ashes in their vrne,
And fame to future times with memory,
Shall sound her glory, and my loues effects,
For, till this vniuersall Masse doth burne,
Her beauty rests the wonder of her sex.

114

Now order my affaires for bloody warre,
For heere I vow this loue shall be my last,
No more shall downy pleasure, like a barre,
Stop my designs that now at honour gaste;
Shoote prophet on my forehead a blessed starre,
A Tygers fiercenesse, and my heart shall moue,
Because with *Hiren* all affections past,
I'll pittie none, for pittie begets loue.

FINIS.

